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WORTH WHILE PIECES

Collected By

Archibald Humboldt

The very cream of pithy, pointed, pungent literature. Poems and prose, grave and gay, ludicrous and pathetic, noble and brilliant, breezy and inspiring. Culled from everywhere and every one exceptionally meritorious. Not only valuable as a collection of recitations, but as a book of happy thoughts, terse sayings and fine expression.

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ARCHIBALD
HUMBOLDT

George O. March

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Avenged.

If I should quarrel with thee, friend, and say
  Hard things from sudden spite,
  Be sure my sorrow will revenge thee quite
Before the passing of another day;
    So give me way.

Seek not to check the madness of my course;
  Each word shall be a dart
  To lodge and rankle at mine inmost heart.
Thou art avenged by mine own remorse,
    With sevenfold force.
—Arthur L. Salmon, in the Academy.

◈ ◈ ◈

Revenge.

Revenge is a naked sword;
  It has neither hilt nor guard.
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?
  Is thy grasp, then, firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
  The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
  It is thy blood reddens the steel.

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
  When the blade from thy hand has flown—
Instead of the heart of a foe
  Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine own!
—John Paul.

◈ ◈ ◈

Earnestness promotes promptness.

◈ ◈ ◈

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

The Enduring Dream.

In life's fresh morn I dreamed—'twas long ago—
That I would perfect be. The air was clear,
And mountain heights, in spirit-space, seemed near.
"One more, an easy climb, and then the glow
Of summit-joy!" Ah me, I did not know
How steep and hard the way; I did not hear
The thunder in the hills, nor guess how slow
My bleeding feet must toil up paths of fear!

In life's calm eve, as long ago, I dream
That I shall perfect be. Not near, but far,
The heights I face; but on my path a gleam
Of hope falls lustrous as the evening star;
And near my Guide, whose pain-pierced feet have trod
The long, upclimbing road that leads to God.

—*J. T. McFarland.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Boy's Remarks to His Stomach.

What's the matter with you, ain't I always been your friend?
Ain't I been a pardner to you, all my pennies don't I spend
In gettin' nice things for you? Don't I give you lots of cake?
Say, stummick, what's the matter, that you had to go an' ache?

Why, I loaded you with good things yesterday. I gave you more
Potatoes, squash an' turkey than you'd ever had before.
I gave you nuts an' candy, punkin pie an' chocolate cake,
An' las' night when I got to bed you had to go an' ache.

Say, what's the matter with you; ain't you satisfied at all?
I gave you all you wanted, you was hard, jes' like a ball.
An' you couldn't hold another bit of puddin', yet las' night
You ached mos' awful, stummick; that ain't treatin' me jes' right.

I've been a friend to you, I have, why ain't you a friend o' mine?
They gave me castor oil las' night becoz you made me whine.
I'm awful sick this mornin' an' I'm feelin' mighty blue,
Becoz you don't appreciate the things I do for you.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

◈ ◈ ◈

To-morrow you have no business with. You steal if you touch to-morrow. It is God's. Every day has in it enough to keep any man occupied without concerning himself with the things beyond.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

The Teacher.

Lord, who am I to teach the way
To little children day by day,
So prone myself to go astray?

I teach them *knowledge,* but I know
How faint they flicker, and how low
The candles of my knowledge glow.

I teach them *power* to will and do,
But only now to learn anew
My own great weakness through and through.

I teach them *love* for all mankind
And all God's creatures, but I find
My love comes lagging still behind.

Lord, if their guide I still must be,
Oh, let the little children see
The teacher leaning hard on Thee.

—*Leslie P. Hill.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Now, All Together.

Sometimes a chap pays what he owes,
In spite of the funny man.
Girls think of other things than clothes,
In spite of the funny man.
Sometimes a doctor makes one well,
A fair stenographer can spell;
Sometimes a marriage turns out well,
In spite of the funny man.

A girl isn't always afraid of a mouse,
In spite of the funny man.
You're glad to have mother-in-law at your house,
In spite of the funny man.
An office boy's grandmother dies;*
The little wifey makes good pies,
And women, asked their age, scorn lies,
In spite of the funny man.

—*Boston Transcript.*

*Actually.

Lay of the Blues.

Say, are you ever, without any reason
Especially for it, in 'most any season,
Swept with a wave of that O-I-am-Tired-fulness,
Man-who's-just-Hired-fulness, Wish-I-was-Fired-fulness?
Say, do you ever, while working and fretting,
Hoping and sorrowing, thinking, forgetting,
Have that soul-emptying What-is-the-Use-fulness,
That O-the-Deuce-fulness, O-for-a-Trucefulness
Sort of a spell?

Say, did you ever feel just when you're working
Your top level best, with no thinking of shirking
That life and its labor is all a Hot-Air-fulness,
What-is-my-Share-fulness, O-I-don't-Care-fulness
Sort of a game, just a juggle and fight
With one thing in hand and a dozen in sight
But just out of reach? O, that What's-in-it-All-fulness,
Lord-ain't-it-Small-fulness, Gone-to-the-Wall-fulness
Sort of a spell?

Say, but I've had 'em, without any reason
Especially for 'em, in mos' any season.
Had that soul-frightening What-is-the-End-fulness
O-for-a-Friend-fulness, Too-Late-to-Mend-fulness
Sort of a feeling—that sort of a fallowness,
Kind of a hollowness, sort of a shallowness.
Had that soul-darkening What-is-the-Use-fulness
That O-the-Deuce-fulness, Lord-here's-the-Blues-fulness
Sort of a spell.

—*J. W. Foley.*

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A man should act like a guest at a banquet. When the waiter passes by with something he wants he should decide and act immediately, and not wait until the waiter has passed and look at the waiter longingly wishing he had taken something. While he is looking at the vanishing waiter, other waiters are passing by offering opportunities. An opportunity once passed can never be taken advantage of again. On the other hand, the guest at the banquet should not pass his time looking at the waiter just entering the hall, for he is missing opportunities if he spends his time looking for some good time to come in the future. Instead of grasping present opportunities, the guest who divides his time between watching the waiters who have passed and the waiters who are coming, misses many waiters who pass before him offering him a chance to grasp present opportunities.

If—

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
  But make allowance for their doubting, too:
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
  Or being lied about don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
  And treat those two impostors just the same,
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you give your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

—Rudyard Kipling in American Magazine.

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It is not what we get out of life but what we put into it that counts. We can not put anything much into our own lives without first putting its equivalent into the lives of others. "Not what we give, but what we share."

The Prayer of the Frank Young Man.

Save me, O Lord, from hell,
  For this I pray;
And some time save from sin—
  But not to-day.
I've youth and health, and may
Not give up pleasure's sway,
Nor drink that brings me, in
  Beguiling way,
Within its magic spell.

I am an average man,
  And better far
Than many men and some
  Few women are;
Yet do not ask me, Lord,
To quite obey thy Word
Till failing zest shall come,
  Till age shall mar,
And then perhaps I can.

But save from sickness, Lord,
  And give long life:
Grant what the world calls good,
  And in the strife
Keep off remorse and shame,
Grant sin without the blame;
In age no doubt I could,
  With a good wife
To help, obey thee, Lord.

—*George Lee Burton.*

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May Wound a Heart.

"I shot an arrow into the air, it fell in the distance, I knew not where till a neighbor said that it killed his calf, and I had to pay him six and a half ($6.50). I bought some poison to slay some rats and a neighbor swore it killed his cats; and rather than argue across the fence, I paid him four dollars and fifty cents ($4.50). One night I sat sailing a toy balloon and hoped it would soar till it reached the moon; but the candle fell out on a poor man's straw, and he said I must settle or go to law. And that is the way with the random shot, it never hits the proper spot; and the joke you spring that you think so smart, may leave a wound in some fellow's heart."

A Brave Fight.

People said there was little excuse for Doctor Martin. So far as was known, he inherited no appetite for liquor, and if any man in town knew the evil consequences of the drink habit, he knew it. So it might have been said that he went into temptation with his eyes open.

In a time of general sickness, when called out of bed for the fourth successive night, he fortified himself for his long ride with a glass of liquor, and returning, took off the chill with another. That was the beginning, and the rest was easy.

Three years was the time covered by his descent, but to those who looked on and saw it, it appeared to have been accomplished in a day. Three-fourths of his practice was gone, his self-respect was fast going, and his hand was no longer steady or his diagnosis clear.

Then came the change, or what was hoped would be a change. He came to the church, tired, hopeless and sick at heart, and something touched his life with a new hope. Almost before he considered what he was doing he had said, "I will trust God for strength to overcome," and in the courage of this new resolution he began the long fight.

He seemed to succeed. He was seen no more in the bar-rooms. He walked erect, and dressed and looked as he had done in former years. His practice grew larger. His success seemed assured. His friends rejoiced, and sometimes referred to him to prove that a man could reform after a habit had strong hold of him.

Then one night he came to a friend, and said, "It's no use. I must give it up. Some men can keep away from temptation, but it is always before me. Morning and night the struggle is on, and the means of gratifying the desire are never absent. I have worked hard; I have prayed earnestly. But now and then, in a moment of exhaustion, my whole nature cries out for it, and something within me rises up and overmasters me, resolutions, prayers and all. Six months seems the limit. Twice in the last year I have been down. I had sense enough to lock myself up till I was sober. That was all. My attempt has been a miserable failure. I will not try again."

His friend took his hand and said, "Is it possible that in the last year you have failed only twice? Three hundred and sixty-three days of success and only two of failure? Doctor, you can not afford to be discouraged after such a splendid beginning as that! You are succeeding! Come, let us thank God for your success thus far, and start in again."

A year afterward the doctor told his friend that but for that word of help at that time he should have thrown himself into the lake. But that gave him some new estimate of his

success and failure, and he sought help of God and began again.

Will he fail again? God only knows. The man's spirit is willing, but his flesh is weak, and temptation is close at hand. But he is fighting the battle with brave heart and great courage. His periods of victory grow longer. If he never does better than he now is doing, the success he has attained is well worth the fight; and who shall say that the grace of God which has enabled him to triumph three hundred and sixty-three days in the year is not sufficient for the other two?—*Youth's Companion.*

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Nobody Knows But Father.

Nobody knows of the money it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the debt it makes,
Nobody knows—but father.

Nobody's told that the boys need shoes,
And the girls' hats with a feather;
Nobody else old clothes must choose,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody hears that the coal and wood
And flour's out together;
Nobody else must make them good,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody's hand in the pocket goes
So often, wondering whether
There's any end to the wants of those
Dependent—only father.

Nobody thinks whence the money will come
To pay the bills that gather;
Nobody feels so blue and glum,
Nobody—only father.

Nobody comes from the world's cruel storm
To meet dear ones who gather
Around with loving welcome warm,
Nobody does—but father.

Nobody knows of the home-life pure,
Watched over by a mother,
Where rest and bliss are all secure,
Nobody can—but father. —*H. C. Dodge.*

"A Happiness Shop."

Let's open up a little shop,
With happiness for sale,
Shut down the sorrow factory,
With all its dismal wail.

We'll get a stock of cheerfulness,
And pile it on the shelves,
And just to start this cheery fad
We'll buy a frock ourselves.

Of patient, honest effort
We'll make a fine display,
And wrap a help-thought circular
In each package sent away.

—*Pauline Johnson.*

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"Kept in at Recess."

Will the congregation kindly step outside and go away a mile or two, while I growl? Many thanks; it is not often, nor even frequently, that I permit myself to indulge in a luxury so expensive as a large, underdone porterhouse grumble, and when I do, I like to have it all to myself. I have it in my mind—if the reader will permit the designation, I do not know what else to call it—to reform something. I think that I usually do feel like reforming something or somebody—somebody else, you understand—whenever I am more than usually dissatisfied with myself. I do not know whether that is the way with the average reformer or not. But in the case of that somewhat unmanageable, hard-bitted, skittish fellow, myself, whom I understand, perhaps, as little as I do anybody else on this planet, I do know that when I am pretty well content with the way I am going and doing, all the rest of the world appears to be sitting in the "front room," waiting for to cry, "Come in!" the minute the millennium knocks, which may be the very next. But I am not in that happy frame this week. Things have gone awry with me. I discovered not less than forty-eight hours ago that my favorite doll was stuffed with sawdust. Then, through an unsuspected hole in my pocket, I had lost eight marbles—a carnelian taw, four chinas, and three white alleys. These may seem small troubles to the philosopher, but I am no philosopher; and these disappointments and losses weigh upon me just as heavily as the loss of two or three of the saws by which he supports existence would fall upon the

philosopher. I do not expect the sympathy of the philosopher, anyhow. I find that I do not get along very well with him. He takes life too calmly; too placidly. None of these things, or any other things, move him. On my part, a great many things move me. I have been known to slam a door that would close itself gently, if I left it alone. I have been heard to tramp up a flight of stairs that were heavily padded and carpeted for the express purpose of muffling the footfall. I have answered my sister, the gentlest creature in the world, speaking to her across the dining table, in the tone of a patriot standing on the courthouse steps, declaring to his fellow-citizens, in far-sounding and mendacious phrase, what he would do for them in case he should be elected by their enlightened suffrages. You see, I am like to boil over if I am left on the fire too long. Taken off, I simmer down quite rapidly. I confess myself to be an unprofitable servant, and that I am not consumed is a wonder to me when I remember how many times I have been hauled over the coals. I have admitted enough to convince the reader that I do not possess the philosophical temperament. And now, having filled the greater portion of the book with the preface, let us pass on to the conclusion. In this way we will omit the book entirely, which will be a great relief to the reader.

Will the schoolmaster please come to the platform and remove his jacket? And the schoolmistress, will she oblige me by taking her place at the other end of the desk and holding out her hand. Palm upward, please. That is correct. I hope it will not hurt either of you very much, but you must understand—oh, I know you do, I have heard you say so a hundred times—that the correction I am about to administer is for your own good, not for my pleasure. I assure you—I can prove it by your own testimony, and I know it to be true—that this will hurt me a great deal worse than it will you. Oh, many, many times worse. Hold up your head, sir, and do not wipe your eyes on your cuff in that manner; I haven't touched you yet. Listen to me, while I plait a new cracker in the end of this whip lash. If you pupils do not quit playing with my knout, fraying the lashes of it to fringe, so that it is too limp for any good when I have occasion to use it, I will make your parents pay for a new one.

Not only a few weeks ago, but many times, have I visited the public schools of this land, here and there. And this thing have I observed, over and over, in this school and all the others: The room is not overly well ventilated; a public schoolroom rarely is. This is not usually the fault of the teacher, but rather of the architect, or possibly the school directors. When the plan which was designed for the director's grand-

father's barn is reduced for the schoolhouse, one can not expect much of a schoolhouse. And one is not disappointed. The pupils in this room, then, having breathed up all the air there is, and having then gone to work on each other's breaths and used them up, naturally become heavy-headed, stupid, asphyxiated. Here is a boy who can not remember his own name. As to geography, Texas is a vague blur on the map somewhere in Rhode Island, he thinks, but he wisely refuses to commit himself positively. In history, he remembers that Sam Houston wrote the Declaration of Independence, and that the dying words of Captain Lawrence were, "Don't give up the Alamo!" In arithmetic he makes a "dead flunk," striking his colors without firing a shot. What that boy needs is five, or ten, or fifteen minutes in the great, big, wide out-of-doors. He needs a run and wrestle, a jump and a yell—twenty-five or thirty yells, that will swell and expand his lungs like a national debt in war time. What does this blessed teacher do? No, no, don't try to speak; I'm administering this knout. Keeps the boy in at recess. I've seen you do it; once, twice—if I had as many dollars as I've seen you keep boys and girls in at recess because they missed their lessons, I would buy a new pair of clothes every week in the year.

Now, it does seem to me, that of all the antiquated, outgrown, senseless punishments laid upon the growing human race, this is the most—well, I was going to say imbecile, but I won't, because it is used by the most intelligent, the wisest, by all odds the most patient, and I will say, too, the gentlest people in America. I fancy the punishment is simply an illustration of the survival of the unfittest. We use it because our fathers used it, and they used it because, possibly, they didn't know any better. Why, it has been within the century, I think, that the custom of lashing the last man who shinned aloft when they were shortening sail was abolished in the English navy. Took the admiralty I don't know how many years to learn that when men go aloft, one at a time, somebody has to be last. The custom was borrowed from the Chinese, who train their ducks to come aboard the boat promptly by the same method; the last duck up the plank is beaten all the way. It is worthy of the Chinese. And so this method of punishing a pupil for stupidity, by keeping him in the very atmosphere which engenders his stupidity, is a relic of a barbarous yesterday. It is on a par with the law of imprisonment for debt. If a man can't pay his debts, put him in jail, where he can never earn a cent, until he does pay. This foolish old world, slow of heart and brain to learn and quick to forget.

Now, I am a man of mature years. I am still in school; never expect to graduate. But I have more control over my

own movements than I used to possess. Some days the world turns round too fast; the slot machine which does what I am fond of calling my thinking for me is out of order, everything gets jumbled, dates, places, names, ideas; the books read backward, like a witch's charm; there is a perfect Sahara of blank paper on my desk, blank as my brain—and those pages must be filled before the sun goes down. What do I do? "Stay in at recess?" Stick to that muddled and muddling den of mine, groping about in a muddy pond of stupid confusion in the hope of grappling a thought by and by? Not much. I bolt out of the door, I make a bee line for the woods, I take a brisk walk, I run over to the village and mix up with men, I get away from the den and the inkwell and the typewriter. I—don't shake your head at me, I do, I tell you—I "play hookey" for half an hour, an hour, half a day, maybe. Then I come back and that work simply does itself after I get it started.

If I had my way, I would make it a misdemeanor to keep school children "in at recess." As I don't have my way—save only when I am alone, and even then I always get caught at it and have to smart for it—I can only growl. But I really would like to see this punishment banished from all schools. I don't believe it accomplishes anything. I believe it aggravates the evils it is intended to correct. Let's away with it. Substitute for it some national punishment.

And I believe it has a bad effect on the pupils. It has on some boys, I am positive. There was a boy went to "our school" forty years ago, a good boy, too, a real good, loving, gentle, earnest, ambitious boy. He used to keep tally of the recesses he lost by being "kept in." Then, when they amounted to a half day, this boy, good and gentle, and in the main obedient, would whoop off to the lake, "play hookey," and fish all day, and so "make it up," he used to say. And I'd do it again under the same circumstances.—*Robert J. Burdette, in Journal of Education.*

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"One ship drives east, and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow;
'Tis the set of the sails and not the gales,
That decides the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the set of the soul that determines the goal,
And not the calm or the strife."

Anti-Dismals.

GOOD MORNING.

Good morning, Brother Sunshine;
  Good morning, Sister Song;
I beg your humble pardon
  If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping;
  To shut you out were sin.
My heart is standing open;
  Won't you
    walk
      right
        in?

Good morning, Brother Gladness;
  Good morning, Sister Smile;
They told me you were coming,
  So I waited on a while.
I'm lonesome here without you;
  A weary while it's been.
My heart is standing open;
  Won't you
    walk
      right
        in?

Good morning, Brother Kindness;
  Good morning, Sister Cheer;
I heard you were out calling,
  So I waited for you here.
Some way I keep forgetting
  I have to toil and spin
When you are my companions;
  Won't you
    walk
      right
        in?

—*J. W. Foley in New York Sun.*

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"Old Gordon Graham" says: "Some men think that rules should be made of cast iron; I think that they should be made of rubber, so that they can be stretched to fit any particular case and then spring back into shape again. The really important part of a rule is the exception to it."

Twenty Years Ago.

I wandered to the hotel, Tom,
And stood before the bar,
Called for a glass of lemonade
And smoked a bad cigar.
No one was there to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know
When we were on the sporting turf
Some twenty years ago.

The barkeeper is a younger man,
The one who used to sell
Corrosive tanglefoot then
Is roasting now in———well!
The other wears a diamond stud,
His hair is combed quite low,
And looks just like the one we knew
Some twenty years ago.

Old soaks called for booze, Tom,
With the same old grin,
While others burned their throats
With what I think was gin.
And women stood beside the door,
Their faces seamed with woe;
And wept just as they used to do
Some twenty years ago.

I asked about old-time friends,
Those cherished sporting men.
Some were in the poorhouse, Tom,
And some were in the pen.
The one we liked the best, Tom,
The hangman laid him low;
The world was much the same, dear Tom,
Some twenty years ago.

I asked about that wealthy chap
Who'd never drink alone,
And always claimed that he, for one,
Could always hold his own.
He perished with the jim-jams out
In the cold and snow,
Ah! Few survive who used to booze,
Some twenty years ago.

New crowds line up along the bar
And call for crimson ink;
New hands are trembling as they pour
The stuff they oughtn't drink.
But the same old watchword rings,
"This round's on me, you know,"
The same old cry of doom we heard
Some twenty years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom,
And there I saw the graves
Of those who used to drown themselves
In red fermented waves.
And there were women sleeping,
Where grass and daisies grow,
Who wept and died of broken hearts
Some twenty years ago.

And there were graves where children slept—
Have slept for many a year,
Forgetful of the woes that marked
Their fitful sojourn here.
And 'neath a tall, white monument,
In death there lieth low,
The man who used to sell the booze,
Some twenty years ago.

—*Exchange.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Mother O'Mine.

If I were hanged on highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were cursed of body and soul,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose prayers would make me whole!
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

—*Rudyard Kipling.*

Prayer.

One reason we do not pray better, I suppose, is that we are afraid of being answered. It is a very serious thing to pray; because we may be taken at our word. We must consent that God should order the answer For instance: I pray in the morning that God will make me very useful to-day; it is a hazardous prayer. I may be taken at my word. Within an hour I may be called to very great usefulness, that will take a hundred dollars from my bank account. Now, if I don't want to take that money, if it is called for, I have made a mistake in my prayer. Let us say what we mean.—*Alexander McKenzie.*

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Clear the Way.

Men of thought! be up and stirring,
Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
Clear the way!

Men of action, aid and cheer them,
As ye may!
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow;

There's a midnight blackness changing
Into gray!
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?

What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue, and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper, aid it, type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay.
Lo! the Right's about to conquer,
Clear the way!

With the Right shall many more
Enter, smiling, at the door;
With the giant Wrong shall fall
Many others great and small
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought and men of action,
Clear the way!

—*Charles Mackay.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Boil it Down.

If you've got a thought that's happy,
Boil it down.
Make it short and crisp and snappy,
Boil it down.
When your brain its coin has minted,
Down the page your pen has sprinted,
If you want your effort printed,
Boil it down.

Take out every surplus letter,
Boil it down.
Fewer syllables the better,
Boil it down.
Make your meaning plain; express it
So we'll know, not merely guess it,
Then, my friend, ere you address it,
Boil it down.

Boil out the extra trimmings,
Boil it down.
Skim it well, then skim the skimmings,
Boil it down.
When you're sure 'twould be a sin to
Put another sentence into,
Send it on, and we'll begin to
Boil it down.

—*Selected.*

His Touch.

My hands were filled with many things
That I did precious hold,
As any treasure of a king's—
Silver, or gems, or gold.
The Master came and touched my hands
(The scars were in His own),
And at His feet my treasures sweet
Fell shattered one by one.
"I must have emptied hands," said He,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were stained with marks of toil,
Defiled with dust of earth;
And I my work did ofttimes soil,
And render little worth.
The Master came and touched my hands
(And crimson were His own),
But when amazed, on mine I gazed,
Lo! every stain was gone.
"I must have cleansed hands," said He,
"Wherewith to work my works through thee."

My hands were growing feverish,
And cumbered with much care!
Trembling with haste and eagerness,
Nor folded oft in prayer.
The Master came and touched my hands
(With healing in His own),
And calm and still to do His will
They grew—the fever gone.
"I must have quiet hands," said He,
"Wherewith to work my works for me."

My hands were strong in fancied strength,
But not in power Divine,
And bold to take up tasks at length,
That were not His but mine.
The Master came and touched my hands
(And might was in His own)!
But mine since then have powerless been,
Save as His are laid thereon.
"And it is only thus," said He,
"That I can work my works through thee."

—*Selected.*

The Power of Habit.

"Habit is a cable" says an old motto; "we weave a thread of it each day; by and by it becomes so strong we can not break it."

A forcible illustration of this point came to us the other day in reading an account of the adventures of an expedition sent to the Lake of the Woods district for making determinations in longitude. As the country there is a succession of morasses, it was impracticable to do this work save when the ground was frozen. It consisted in transporting a set of chronometers running on Greenwich time from station to station, and in determining at each place the local time, a comparison of the two systems, giving the exact longitude of each point.

When the work was nearly completed the party were overtaken by a terrible storm, and one by one the less robust members sank down, preferring to sleep the final sleep rather than to continue farther on what seemed but a hopeless search for the camp. The leader, a graduate of West Point, each time aroused them up and urged them on. Night came; even the dogs which drew their sledges refused to go farther, and the intrepid commander, with freezing fingers, wrote a message to friends in his note book, wrapped his cloak about him and sank down beside his sleeping companions—his duty done. But amidst the chill and stupor came the call for one more service. He had forgotten to wind his chronometers, and if they were allowed to run down all his work would be lost. With difficulty he arose, found his way to the sledges, wound and carefully covered the chronometers, hoping that the rescuing party, which would surely be sent out, would find them not stilled, though all heart throbs should have ceased.

Happily, the rescuers came in time to save not only the time, but the entire party. But the rigid discipline regarding the importance of duty was so strongly engrafted into his character that it was paramount, even in the face of death.

Neatness, accuracy, thoroughness, punctuality, honesty, in fact, all the elements which go to make up true culture—how quickly they succumb to habit. If it be for good, all is well; but if the reverse, they grow like bad weeds. Hence the importance of insisting on each individual's best efforts at all times. The loosely stated problem leads to a carelessly prepared examination paper; and this to omissions which render a decision of "Incorrect" inevitable. Aim to attain perfection.—*Bessie L. Putnam.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Who shall hear the voice of opportunity? In most cases, and to most men, it is the still, small voice of duty.

Smiling.

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.
When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.
When your neighbors don't do right
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.
Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling;
But it can not make them worse—
Just smiling.
And it seems to help your case,
Brightens up a gloomy place;
Then it sort o' rests your face—
Just smiling.

◈ ◈ ◈

The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about,
And always wear them inside out—
To show the lining!

◈ ◈ ◈

"The difference betwixt the optimist
And pessimist is droll;
The optimist sees the doughnut,
The pessimist the hole."

◈ ◈ ◈

Joy is not in things; it is in us.—*Charles Wagner.*

◈ ◈ ◈

"Nay, never falter: no great deed is done
By falterers who ask for certainty.
No good is certain, but the steadfast mind,
The undivided will to seek the good:
'Tis that compels the elements, and wrings
A human music from the indifferent air.
The greatest gift the hero leaves his race
Is to have been a hero."

◈ ◈ ◈

It is not where you are, but what you are, that determines your happiness.

Opportunity.

[A few years before he died Senator Ingalls penned this now famous sonnet to "Opportunity," from a soul that was, indeed, fuller of poetry than of politics.]

Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late,
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and I return no more.

◈ ◈ ◈

Opportunity.

[An answer to Ingall's poem on "Opportunity."]

They do me wrong who say I come no more
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you awake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day;
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at the splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;
My judgments seal the past dead with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep;
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

—*Walter Malone.*

Opportunity Speaks.

Yes, I am Opportunity;
But say, young man, don't wait for me
To come to you; you buckle down
To win your crown, and work with head
And hear and hands, as does the man
Who understands that those who wait,
Expecting some reward from fate, or luck, to call it so—
Sit always in the "way back row," and yet
You must not let me get away when I show up.
The golden cup is not for him who stands
With folded hands, expecting me
To serve his inactivity. I serve the active mind,
The seeing eye, the ready hand
That grasps me passing by, and takes from me
The good I hold for every spirit
Strong and bold. He does not wait
On fate who seizes me,
For I am fortune, luck and fate,
The corner stone of what is great
In man's accomplishment. But I am none of these
To him who does not seize; I must be caught,
If any good is wrought out of the treasures I possess.
O, yes, I am Opportunity;
I'm great; I'm sometimes late,
But do not wait for me;
Work on, watch on,
Good hands, good heart and some day you will see—
Out of your efforts rising—Opportunity —*Selected.*

◈ ◈ ◈

There is another famous poem on "Opportunity," which also tells the lesson. It is Edward Rowland Sill's:

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:
There spread a cloud of dust along a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A Prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge
And thought: "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the King's son bears—but this
Blunt thing—" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And, lowering, crept away and left the field.
Then came the King's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed his enemy down
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existance an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passerby. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveller and the statue:

"What is thy name, O statue?"
"I am called Opportunity."
"Who made thee?"
"Lysippus."
"Why art thou on thy toes?"
"To show that I stay but a moment."
"Why hast thou wings on thy feet?"
"To show how quickly I pass by."
"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"
"That men can seize me when they meet me."
"Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?"
"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

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Character is Success.

"There is a vast difference between making a living and making a life. Capital is not what a man has, but what a man is. Character is capital. Character is success. Better be a man than merely a millionaire. Find out what groove you are intended to fill. It is absurd to bend designs where your genius least inclines. Every man is born with his position in him, and it is his first business to find out the bent of his genius.

"Stick to one thing. To succeed you must be unanimous with yourself. This is the age of the specialist.

"There is no secret in success. To succeed you must do as you would to get in at a door through a crowd—hold your ground and push hard. Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something. The story of success is the story of poor boys. Don't worry about your salary. Increase your skill. Men who never do more than they are paid for never keep up a full head of steam. Better to boil over than not to boil at all. The men who never make mistakes are the men who never do anything. Don't follow the crowd. Assert your own individuality. Dare to be singular.

"Mind your own business. The reason those people succeed so well who mind their own business is because there is so little competition."

Half Way Home.

Do you remember the wayside nook
Under the lee of a laurel ledge
With a wild dog-rose in the blackberry hedge,
And an elm that bent like a shepherd's crook,
With a buttercup border about its edge—
Where we stopped to rest in the shadows cool,
Half way home from school?

The brook sang on with a seashell croon,
To the mermaid ferns with their long green hair;
And the sounds of the summer were in the air,
In the yellow heart of the afternoon.
O days of pleasure! O days of June!
What after days can with you compare?
What draughts with the draughts from the sun-flecked pool
Half way home from school?

Friend, dear friend! Let us turn aside
In the road that leads from the schoolhouse door;
We must be half way home or more,
Half way to the dew-fall and eventide,
Let us stop in the shade where our paths divide,
In the sweet old way that we did of yore,
And we'll talk it over, the way we've come,
Resting half way home.

—*Emma Herrick Weed, in Indianapolis News.*

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The Futility of Noises.

'Twas a wise fellow who said: "When you fight or work don't make a fuss. The hen cackles after she has laid the egg. The noise and sizzle of the locomotive are not force. All force is silent. The heehaw of the mule may startle you, but it is not so dangerous as his hind legs. Bear in mind that it is an empty wagon that rattles most when in motion. The noise of a drum is due to the fact that there is nothing in it."—*Joliet Signal.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Search thine own heart; what paineth thee
In others—in thyself may be.
All dust is frail—all flesh is weak—
Be thou the trueman thou dost seek.

The Rain.

At last the rain!

It fell upon the just and the unjust with biblical impartiality. It came down upon the city that had sniffed, eaten and dreamed dust for so long.

The loafers on the steps of the city hall drew their feet up out of the wet and sighed contentedly.

High up, in the window of a tenement block, a woman's figure formed a background for a child that her strong bared arm half protected. The little one had been almost stripped for its comfort, and the fair baby shoulders showed white against the mother's dark dress as they both crowded to the opening for the rain-cooled air. Suddenly the child turned its grateful little face from the rain to its mother, and, grasping her strong arm with its tiny ones, kissed it—for mother surely brought the rain.

Farther on, where the heat and the noise of the elevated trains rushing by made the little room stifling, a sick man lay. The cot was drawn up to the window and his head rested, in mute thanksgiving, upon the raindrops on the sill.

Here a negress, with head bound up in white bandages, leaned against the casing, while beside her a pickaninny in a scant white dress stretched its little black arms out into the rain and danced up and down in delight.

Down below two truck horses rested their heads on each other in friendly enjoyment of the storm. The blue parasol-like protectors on their heads had drank so much rain they were tipsy and tilted at such ridiculous angles as to show they considered themselves off duty.

Three ragamuffins waded joyously in the inky stream that rushed down the gutter.

Out in the market garden districts the hucksters and their families gathered at the doors of their little homes and in their hearts blessed the rain, while the wilted vegetables slowly lifted themselves and gave promise of going to market.

New life ran through the business center of the city.

Men pulled the handkerchiefs from about their wilted collars and were surprised to find how many signs of returning prosperity they had overlooked in the last few days.—*Chicago News.*

◈ ◈ ◈

"I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do for any fellow-being, let me do it *now*. Let me not deter or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."—*Emerson.*

The Great Guest Comes.

While the cobbler mused, there passed his pane a beggar drenched by the driving rain: he called him in from the stony street and gave him shoes for his bruised feet. The beggar went, and there came a crone her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown; a bundle of faggots bowed her back, and she was spent with the wrench and rack. He gave her his loaf and steadied her load as she took her way on the weary road. Then to his door came a little child, lost and afraid in the world so wild, in the big, dark world. Catching it up, he gave it the milk in the waiting cup, and led it home to its mother's arms, out of the reach of the world's alarms. The day went down in the crimson west, and with it the hope of the blessed Guest; and Conrad sighed as the world turned gray: "Why is it, Lord, that your feet delay? Did you forget that this was the day?" Then, soft, in the silence a voice was heard: "Lift up your heart, for I kept my word. Three times I came to your friendly door, three times my shadow was on your floor; I was the beggar with bruised feet; I was the woman you gave to eat; I was the child on the homeless street."—*Edwin Markham.*

◈ ◈ ◈

If I Should Die To-night.

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
Weeping and heartsick o'er my lifeless clay—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come in deepest grief and woe
And say, "Here's that ten dollars that I owe,"
I might arise in my large white cravat
And say, "What's that?"

If I should die to-night,
And you should come to my cold corpse and kneel
Clasping my bier to show the grief you feel—
If I should die to-night,
And you should come to me and there and then
Just even hint at paying me that ten,
I might rise the while,
But I'd drop dead again.

—*Ben King.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Nothing impure or wrong can be of use in the service of God.

An Aching Void.

She stands in the cool of the evening gray,
With her bronze-brown eyes alight,
She has worked with her hands and her head all day,
And at last the room looks right.

She has changed the desk and the folding screen,
She has moved the chairs with glee,
And the little tea-table sits serene
Where the sofa used to be.

What joy can come to a woman's soul
Like this—complete! profound!
What music vie with the casters' roll,
As she moves these chairs around!

She may list the sound of her first-born's cry,
She may lean to a lover's kiss,
She may sing with the angels by-and-by—
But never a joy like this.

* * * * * * *

But her husband's bliss isn't unalloyed,
And a dreadful swear swears he,
When he finds (crash! crash!) there's an aching void
Where the sofa used to be!

—*Louise Edgar, in Penny Magazine.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Though critics may bow to art
And I am its own true lover
It is not art, but heart—
Which wins the wide world over.

◈ ◈ ◈

Lead lives of love, that others, who
Behold your lives may kindle, too,
With love, and cast their lots with you.

◈ ◈ ◈

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion, clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and heaven securely.

Music.

All music is what awakes from you, when you are reminded by the instruments,
It is not the violins and the cornets—it is not the oboe nor the beating drums, nor the notes of the baritone singer singing his sweet romanza—nor those of the men's chorus, nor those of the women's chorus,
It is nearer and farther than they.—Walt Whitman.

◈ ◈ ◈

Come, blow on your horn,
Oh, little Boy Blue,
For now no one else
Will blow it for you.

And those who to-day
Don't blow their own horn,
Are likely to find
A condition forlorn.

◈ ◈ ◈

The Poets at a House-Party.

By Carolyn Wells.

[*A modern mortal having inadvertently stumbled in upon a house-party of poets given on Mount Olympus, being called upon to justify his presence there by writing a poem, offered a limerick. Whereupon each poet scoffed, and the mortal, offended, challenged them to do better with the same theme.*]

The Limerick.

A scholarly person named Finck
Went mad in the effort to think
Which were graver misplaced,
To dip pen in his paste,
Or dip his paste-brush in the ink.

Omar Khayyam's Version.

Stay, fellow-traveler, let us stop and think,
Pause and reflect on the abysmal brink;
Say, would you rather thrust your pen in paste,
Or dip your paste-brush carelessly in ink?

Rudyard Kipling's Version.

Here is a theme that is worthy of our cognizance,
A theme of great importance and a question for your ken;
Would you rather—stop and think well—
Dip your paste-brush in your ink-well,
Or in your pesky pasting-pot immerse your inky pen?

Walt Whitman's Version.

Hail, Camerados!
I salute you,
Also I salute the sewing-machine, and the flour-barrel, and the feather-duster.
What is an aborigine, anyhow?
I see a paste-pot.
Ay, and a well of ink.
Well, Well!
Which shall I do?
Ah, the immortal fog.
What am I myself
But a meteor
In the fog?

Chaucer's Version.

A mayde ther ben, a wordy one and wyse,
Who wore a paire of gogles on her eyes.
O'er theemes of depest thogt her braine she werked,
Nor ever any knoty problemme sherked.
Yette when they askt her if she'd rather sinke
Her penne in payste or eke her brushe in inke,
"Ah," quo' the canny mayde, "now wit ye wel,
I'm wyse enow to know—too wyse to tel."

Henry James' Version.

She luminously wavered, and I tentatively inferred that she would soon perfectly reconsider her not altogether unobvious course. Furiously, though with a tender, ebbing similitude, across her mental consciousness stole a reculmination of all the truths she had ever known concerning, or even remotely relating to, the not-easily fathomed qualities of paste and ink. So she stood, focused in an intensity of soul-quivers, and I, all unrelenting, waited, though of a dim uncertainty whether, after all, it might not be only a dubitant problem.

SWINBURNE'S VERSION.

Shall I dip, shall I dip it, Dolores,
This luminous paste-brush of thine?
Shall I sully its white-breasted glories,
Its fair, foam-flecked figure divine?
Or shall I—abstracted, unheeding—
Swish swirling this pen in my haste,
And, deaf to thy pitiful pleading,
Just jab it in paste?

EUGENE FIELD'S VERSION.

See the Ink Bottle on the Desk! It is full of Nice Black Ink. Why, the Paste-Pot is there, Too. Let us watch Papa as he sits down to write. Oh, he is going to paste a Second-hand Stamp on a Letter. See, he has dipped his Brush in the Ink by Mistake. Oh, what a Funny Mistake! Now, although it is Winter, we may have to Endure the Heated Terror.

STEPHEN CRANE'S VERSION.

I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
And I saw
Ranged in solemn row before me,
A paste-pot and an ink-pot.
I held in my either hand
A pen and a brush.
Ay, a pen and a brush.
Now this is the strange part;
I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire,
Glad, exultant,
Because
The choice was mine!
Ay, mine!
As I stood upon a church spire,
A slender, pointed spire.

◈ ◈ ◈

A commonplace life, we say and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
The flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But sad were the world, and dark were our lot,
If flowers failed to bloom and the sun shone not.

—*Housekeeping.*

Success.

I do not know how other people view
The prize which men seek after, called Success;
But unto me it seems the standard true
By which to judge is from the good we do
In giving unto others happiness.

'Tis not in gaining wealth, or place, or name;
'Tis not in selfish seeking for renown.
For many are there whom the world gives fame
Whose lives are justly subject unto blame,
Because they rose by trampling others down.

The man who loves his wife and family,
Who strives to comfort and protect his own,
Who does no other soul an injury,
Who fills his life with deeds of charity,
Is a success, although he dies unknown.

The man who follows and who teaches right,
Avoiding jealousy and needless strife,
Who seeks to know the truth and spread the light,
Has won a crown of honor in God's sight,
Although in humble station all his life.

The man who strives to elevate his kind,
Who teaches liberty and brotherhood,
Who brings new truth into the human mind,
Does well although his motives are maligned,
Although his efforts are misunderstood.

We follow the wrong standard. If we try
To gather wealth, or wear the laurel wreath,
It should not be alone to gratify
Our selfishness, but from our station high
To scatter blessings upon those beneath.

—*Denver Post.*

◈ ◈ ◈

Rest is not quitting
The busy career;
Rest is the fitting
Of self to one's sphere.

◈ ◈ ◈

"Ideas are the refined gold of thoughts passed through the crucible of reason."—*Durbin Ward.*

The Children of Earth.

Down by the sea on a summer day
I doze and dream while the children play,
Gleefully heaping their hills of sand,
Calling them palaces, high and grand.
A clamshell serves for the great front door,
And the walk is a bit of a broken oar,
While plate and platter and bowl and cup
Are polished pebbles the sea brings up.

And king and queen in their royal state
Pass in and out through a seaweed gate;
And lord and lady ride to and fro,
Till a far voice calls, "It is time to go."
To gems and jewels and palaces tall
They bid farewell, and they leave them all;
While the tide comes laughingly up the bay,
And the sand-made palace is washed away.

Deep in the city I see the men
Playing the childish games again;
Building a palace of brick and stone,
And playfully calling it all their own.
The walls are laid with the cares of wealth,
And the roof is patched with their broken health;
And plate and platter and bowl and cup
Are polished trinkets their toil brings up.

And king and queen in their royal state
Pass in and out through a golden gate;
And lord and lady ride to and fro
Till a far voice calls, "It is time to go."
From gems and jewels and palace tall
They turn away, and they leave them all;
And Time looks on through a thousand years
And the man-made palace—it disappears.

Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. "Bulletin and Good Roads."

◈ ◈ ◈

We all of us complain of the shortness of time, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing that we ought to do; we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them.—*Seneca.*

I Want to Give to Others.

[When Daniel S. Ford, the owner and builder of *The Youth's Companion,* died, there was found upon his desk the poem which we print below. It was worn from much handling, and may have been one source of the inspiration from which he drew the healthfulness, the sweetness and purity of the great paper that has been such a factor of civilization and education for youthful America. The words picture his daily life.]

The bread that bringeth strength I want to give,
The water pure that bids the thirsty live;
I want to help the fainting day by day:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give the oil of joy for tears,
The faith to conquer crowding doubts and fears.
Beauty for ashes may I give alway;
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give good measure running o'er,
And into angry hearts I want to pour
The answer soft that turneth wrath away:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

I want to give to others hope and faith;
I want to do all that the Master saith;
I want to live aright from day to day:
I'm sure I shall not pass again this way.

◈ ◈ ◈

Conscience and Remorse.

"Good-bye," I said to my conscience—
"Good-bye for aye and aye."
And I put her hands off harshly,
And turned my face away;
And conscience, smitten sorely
Returned not from that day.

But a time came when my spirit
Grew weary of its pace;
And I cried: "Come back, my conscience,
For I long to see thy face!"
But conscience cried: "I can not;
Remorse sits in my place!"

—*Paul Laurence Dunbar.*

The Sekrit uv Success.

Yer agoin out in the world, my boy,
So lissen a bit ter me,
I'll tell ye a rool that'll help ye more
Then enny ye iver see—
I kant remember the words exact,
But this is the since uv it, Jim—
What ye want uv a feller ter du fur you
You've gut for ter du fur him.

* * * * * * *

Speak wel as ye kan uv yer feller man,
Or else du not speak at all;
Don't think yer own varchews air ollus grate
An hizzen air ollus small;
It don't kost nothin ter say a good word,
An peple all like it, Jim;
If you want a feller ter speak well uv you,
You've gut ter speak wel uv him.

In evry man's hart there's a tender spot,
An so, if ye want ter win im,
Jest giv it a poke with a word uv praise,
An dont say a thing agin im;
No matter how little he liked ye wonst,
Yer jedgment will please him, Jim,
If ye want a feller to presheate you,
You've gut ter presheate him.

Be tru ter the ones that konfide in you,
At evry time an place;
An don't say a thing behind a man's back,
Ye wouldn't afore his face;
When friends have forsook ye, an slander's tung
Is pinted again ye, Jim—
If ye want a feller ter be tru ter you,
You've gut ter be true ter him.

There's no use a-livin onles ye have friends,
For ye kant git on without um;
An the number ye have on yerself depends
An how ye behave about um;
If ye want ter be happy an prosprus, tu,
I'll giv ye the sekrit, Jim—
What ye want uv a feller ter du fur you
Stan reddy fur ter du fur him.

—*Random Rimes, by N. W. Rand.*

Wounded.

God knows I fought; yet vainly fought.
I sometimes fain would die
And sleep, as only dead men sleep,
Beneath His pitying eye.
Yet rather would I live to fight
And, fighting grandly, win;
I do not ask for wealth and ease,
But this—O God! O Sin!

And is it but the fools and weak
Who yield, and wounded lie?
Nay, but the noblest souls sometimes
Fight, lose, lie down to die;
For with the higher sense of life—
Of beauty, bliss, and all—
Come armed temptations never known
To lives that creep and crawl.
Then, great Physician, guiding still
The crying weak along,
Forget not, but be merciful
Unto Thy wounded strong.

—*Albert Englebert.*

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The Blind Weaver.

A blind boy stood beside the loom
And wove a fabric. To and fro
Beneath his firm and steady touch
He made the busy shuttle go.

And oft the teacher passed that way
And gave the colors, thread by thread;
But by the boy the pattern fair
Was all unseen. Its hues were dead.

"How can you weave?" we pitying cried.
The blind boy smiled. "I do my best;
I make the fabric firm and strong,
And one who sees does all the rest."

Oh, happy thought! Beside life's loom
We blindly strive our best to do;
And He who marked the pattern out
And holds the threads, will make it true.

—*Beth Day, in Youth's Companion.*

O My Lil' Brack Lam'!

O my lil' brack lam', yo' face wuz dahk,
But yo' eyes dey shine laik a firefly spahk,
An' yo' voice is sweet ez a cornfiel' lahk,
O my lil' brack lam'!

Yo' face wuz dahk, but yo' soul wuz w'ite,
An' yo' spirit is pure as de hebenly Light,
An' yo' wuz my darlin', my heart's delight,
My lam', my lil' brack lam'!

O my lil' brack lam', the night wuz dahk,
An' a voice keep callin' an' callin', Hahk!
An' it leab yo' silen' an' col' an' stahk,
O my lil' brack lam'!

For Deaf ride by in de win' dat night,
An' he carry yo' off in de gray dawnlight,
Laik yo' wuz his darlin', his heart's delight,
My lam', my lil' brack lam'!

O my lil' brack lam', de way wuz dahk,
But de dear Lawd make it a shinin' mahk,
An' de lamp of His lub wuz a hebenly spahk,
O my lil' brack lam'!

He wanted a flower fer His garden bright—
Des' a lil' brack bud—so yo' bloom en His sight,
An' yo' am His darlin', His heart's delight,
My lam', my lil' brack lam'!

—*Ethel Maude Colson.*

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My Symphony.

To live content with small means.

To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion.

To be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich.

To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly.

To listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart.

To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never.

In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common.

This is to be my symphony.—*William Henry Channing.*

The Questioner.

I called the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same light-hearted way
When you've turned, say, thirty more?"
Then I thought of a past I'd fain erase—
More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned face
For it seemed to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And I said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-mown;
Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a rakish song—
With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no wrong,
And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and clear,
And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-year?
Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's eyes—
Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's eyes?
For he answered me:
"Did you?"

—*Carl Werner.*

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When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.
When your tale's got little in it,
Crowd the whole thing in a minute.
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—
Don't you fill an eight-page paper
With a tale that, at a pinch
Could be crowded in an inch.
Boil her down until she simmers,
Polish her until she glimmers.
When you've got a thing to say,
Say it! Don't take half a day.

When the Day is Gone.

How quiet the house is at midnight. The people who talk and laugh and sing in it every day are asleep, and the people who fell asleep in it long ago come back into it. Every house has these two classes of tenants. Do we love best those with whom we laugh and talk and sing, or the dear silent ones who come so noiselessly to our side and whisper to us in faint, sweet, far-away whispers that have no sound, so that we hear only their very stillness.

I am not tired, but my pen is weary. It falls from my fingers and I raise my head. I start to leave the table, and my eyes fall upon a little book lying on the floor. It is a little "First Reader." He left it there this afternoon. I remember just how I was impatient because he could not read the simple little lesson, such an easy lesson, and I told him it was a waste of my time to teach him, and pushed him away from me. I remember now. I see the flush come into the little tired face, the brave, cheerful look in his eyes, his mother's brave, patient cheeriness, struggling with his disappointment and pain. I see him lie down on the floor and the little face bend over the troublesome little lesson, such a simple, easy lesson, any baby might read it. Then, after a little struggle alone, it has to be given up, and the baffled little soldier, with one more appealing look toward me for reinforcements, sighs and goes away from the lesson he can not read, to the play that comforts him. And there lies the little book, just as he left it. Ah, me, I could kneel down and kiss it now, as though it were alive and loving.

Why, what was my time worth to me to-day? What was there in the book I wanted to read one-half so precious to me as one cooing word from the prattling lips that quivered when I turned away. I hate the book I read. I will never look at it again. Were it the last book in the world I think I would burn it. All its gracious words are lies. I say to you, though all men praise the book, and though an hour ago I thought it excellent, I say to you that there is poison in its hateful pages. Why, what can I learn from books that baby lips can not teach me? Do you know I want to go to the door of his room and listen; the house is so still; maybe he is not breathing. Why, if between my book and my boy I choose my book, why should not God leave me with my books? My hateful books.

But I was not harsh, I was only a little impatient. Because, you see, his lesson was so easy, so simple. Ah, me, there were two of us trying to read this afternoon. They were two easy, simple lessons. Mine was such a very simple, easy, pleasant, loving one to learn. Just a line, just a little throb of patience, of gentleness, of love that would have made my own heart glow and laugh and sing. The letters were so large and plain, the

words so easy and the sentences so short. And I! Oh, pity me, I missed every word. I did not read one line aright. See, here is my copy now; all blurred and blistered with tears and heart-ache, all marred and misspelled and blotted. I am ashamed to show it to the Master. And yet I know that he will be patient with me; I know how loving and gentle he will be. Why, how patiently and lovingly all these years he has been teaching me this simple lesson I smiled upon to-day. But when my little pupil stumbled on a single word—is my time, then, so much more precious than the Master's, that I can not teach the little lesson more than once?

Ah, friend, we do waste time when we plait scourges for ourselves. These hurrying days, these busy, anxious, shrewd, ambitious times of ours are wasted when they take our hearts away from patient gentleness, and give us fame for love and gold for kisses. Some day, then, when our hungry souls will seek for bread our selfish god will give us a stone. Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You can not find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the investigators, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves. But in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blind may read; a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.—*R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.*

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Out in the Fields.

The little cares that fretted me,
I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what may happen,
I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy poppies nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born,
Out in the fields with God.

—*E. B. Browning.*

The Boy's Punishment.

My little son, who looked with thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,
I struck him and dismiss'd,
With hard words and unkiss'd.
His mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed.
But found his slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet,
From his late sobbing, wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of blue-bells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So, when that night I prayed
To God, I wept and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou remembrest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I, whom Thou hast molded from the clay,
Thou'll leave Thy wrath and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."

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Dr. Arnold's Daily Prayer.

Dr. Arnold's daily prayer was as follows: "O Lord, I have a busy world around me; eye, ear and thought will be needed for all my work to be done in this busy world. Now, ere I enter on it I would commit eye, ear and thought to Thee, do Thou bless them, and keep their work Thine, that as through Thy natural laws my heart beats and my blood flows without any thought of mine, so my spiritual life may hold on its course at these times when my mind can not conspicuously turn to Thee to commit each particular thought to Thy service. Hear my prayer, for my dear Redeemer's sake. Amen."

Would You?

Despised and rejected of men.—Isaiah liii. 3.

If we had seen Christ with the lame, the halt, the blind, the poor who cry,
If we had known Him as He came in touch with sin and leprosy,
Would we who care what people say
Have walked with Him a little way?
Would you or I?

If He had bidden us to come, the night before he was to die,
To supper in that upper room that overlooked Gethsemane,
Would we who live by park or fen
Have supped with common fishermen?
Would you or I?

If we had been among the throng that saw the lowly Saviour die,
If we had heard the cruel song, the heartless jest, the mockery,
Would we who *now* His triumph sing,
Have hailed Him *then* as Lord and King?
Would you or I?

We love the Easter anthems sweet, our prayers ascend to God on high;
We cast our treasures at His feet, and sing with joy His victory,
But when as Man He lived with men
Would we have seen His glory then?
Would you or I?

—*Selected.*

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If none were sick and none were sad,
What service could we render?
I think if we were always glad
We scarcely could be tender.
Did our beloved never need
Our patient ministration,
Earth would grow cold, and miss, indeed,
Its sweetest consolation.
If sorrow never claimed our heart,
And every wish were granted,
Patience would die and hope depart—
Life would be disenchanted.

—*Anon.*

The Charioteer.

O God, take the reins of my life!
I have driven it blindly, to left and to right,
In mock of the rock, in the chasm's despite,
Where the brambles were rife,
In the blaze of the sun and the deadliest black of the night.
O God, take the reins of my life!

For I am so weary and weak.
My hands are a-quiver, and so is my heart,
And my eyes are too tired for the teardrops to start,
And the worn horses reek
With the anguishing pull and the hot, heavy harness's smart,
While I am all weary and weak.

But Thou wilt be peace, wilt be power.
Thy hand on the reins and Thine eye on the way
Shall be wisdom to guide and controlling to stay,
And my life, in that hour,
Shall be led into leading, and rest when it comes to obey;
For Thou wilt be peace and all power.

Now, Lord, without tarrying, now!
While eyes can look up and while reason remains,
And my hand yet has strength to surrender the reins,
Ere death stamp my brow
And pour coldness and stillness through all the mad course of my veins—
Come, Lord, without tarrying, now!

I yield Thee my place, which is Thine.
Appoint me to lie on the chariot floor;
Yea, appoint me to lie at Thy feet, and no more,
While the glad axles shine,
And the happy wheels run on their course to the heavenly door,
Now Thou hast my place, which is Thine.

—*Amos R. Wells, in The Outlook.*

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Mrs. Wigg's Philosophy.

Looks like ever-thing in the world comes right, if we jes' wait long enough.—*Alice Hegan Rice.*

Priscilla—Past and Present.

Priscilla, maid of Plymouth town,
In kerchief white and gown of brown,
With whirring wheel in days of yore,
Was wont to spin before the door.

Ah, what a picture then she made!
No wonder that the gallants stayed
A moment there—or maybe, two—
To talk to her, as so would you.

Those days of gallantry are dead,
And only memories rise instead
Of love, of hate, of flashing steel,
Of sweet Priscilla at her wheel.

Gone is Priscilla, did I say?
Faith, but I saw her yesterday,
And even as in days of yore
Her wheel stood just before the door.

She's still the skill of spinning, yes,
But not with flax—what, can't you guess?
What care she gives the shining steel!
For now Priscilla rides her wheel.

—*Douglas Zabriskie Doty.*

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In Church.

Just in front of my pew sits a maiden—
A little brown wing on her hat,
With its touches of tropical azure,
And the sheen of the sun upon that;
Through the bloom-colored panes shines a glory
By which the vast shadows are stirred,
But I pine for the spirit and splendor
That painted the wing of the bird.

The organ rolls down its great anthem;
With the soul of a song it is blent;
But for me, I am sick for the singing
Of one little song that is spent.
The voice of the curate is gentle:
"No sparrow shall fall to the ground;"
But the poor broken wing on the bonnet
Is mocking the merciful sound.

The House by the Side of the Road.

"He was a friend to man, and he lived in a house by the side of the road."—HOMER.

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn.
In the peace of their self-content;
There are souls, like stars, that dwell apart.
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a home by the side of the road
Where the race of men go by—
The men who are good and the men who are bad,
As good and as bad as I.
I would not sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban—
Let me live in a house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road,
By the side of the highway of life,
The men who press on with the arbor of hope,
The men who are faint with the strife.
But I turn not away from their smiles nor their tears—
Both parts of an infinite plan—
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows ahead
And mountains of wearisome height;
That the road passes on through the long afternoon
And stretches away to the night.
But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
And weep with the strangers that moan,
Nor live in my house by the side of the road
Like a man who dwells alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by—
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man. —*Sam Walter Foss.*

There is no Death.

There is no death, we only rise
To higher altitudes of life;
When in the dust this casket lies,
And we surcease from mortal strife;
There is no death, the patient soul
Wears out its earthly cerements,
Puts on the Golden Aureole,
And soars serene in glory hence.

There is no death, but each true life
Is safely "hid with Christ in God;"
With vital force forever rife,
Tho' Earth takes back her lifeless clod
There is no death, for *shade* of *man*
And *woman* never *were* alive
And 'twas not in the Master's plan
That soul and shadow long should strive.

There is no death, but soon we pass
Into the restful summer land,
To sail in peace the "sea of Glass,"
Or wander o'er the Golden Strand.
There is no death, tho' sure and soon
The silent boatman calls for us,
With funeral dirge and mournful croon,
The lamp of fate to darken thus.

There is no death, O wand'rer pale,
Amid the glimmering sheen of Earth,
'Tis but the dim and shimmering veil,
Dividing from a higher birth.
There is no death, dismiss all fear
For Christ hath lit Earth's gloomy crypts
With consolation, love and cheer
'Mid even "the Earthquake and Eclipse."

There is no death, but in its stead
Blest Apotheosis of life,
A resurrection from the dead,
Debris of this sad world of strife.
There is no death, which does not give
Existence vastly more enhanced,
Far sweeter in its realm to live
Than this to loftiest height advanced.

There is no death, then O prepare,
For joy in Holier Realms than this,
Our Father's love and peace to share,
Our Mother's smile to crown our bliss.
There is no death, exulting sing,
Flee, gloom and sorrow, all away;
"O Death where is thy vaunted sting,
O Grave, where is thy victory?"

—*Oliver C. Hampton.*

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Restless Heart, Don't Worry So.

Dear restless heart, be still! Don't fret and worry so;
God hath a thousand ways his love and help to show;
Just trust, and trust, and trust, until his will you know.

Dear, restless heart, be still; for peace is God's own smile,
His love can every wrong and sorrow reconcile.
Just love and love, and love and calmly wait awhile.

Dear, restless heart, be brave! Don't moan and sorrow so.
He hath a meaning kind in the chilly winds that blow.
Just hope and hope, and hope until you braver grow.

Dear, restless heart, repose upon His heart an hour.
His heart is strength and life, his heart is bloom and flower.
Just rest and rest and rest within his tender power.

Dear, restless heart, be still! Don't toil and hurry so;
God is the Silent One, forever calm and slow.
Just wait and wait and wait, and work with him below.

Dear, restless heart, be still! Don't struggle to be free.
God's life is in your life; from him you may not flee.
Just pray and pray and pray, till you have faith to see.

—*Edith Willis Linn.*

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Trust God and See.

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt
And darkness and dismay!
Trust God and see
What I shall be—
His best surprise
Before your eyes. —*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

Give Us Men.

Give us Men!
Men—from every rank,
Fresh and free and frank;
Men of thought and reading,
Men of light and leading,
Men of loyal breeding,
The Nation's welfare speeding;
Men of faith and not of fiction,
Men of lofty aim in action:
Give us Men—I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Strong and stalwart ones:
Men whom highest hope inspires,
Men whom purest honor fires,
Men who trample Self beneath them,
Men who make their country wreath them
As her noble sons,
Worthy of their sires,
Men who never shame their mothers,
Men who never fail their brothers,
True, however false are others:
Give us Men—I say again,
Give us Men!

Give us Men!
Men who, when the tempest gathers,
Grasp the Standard of their fathers
In the thickest fight:
Men who strike for home and altar
(Let the coward cringe and falter),
God defend the right!
True as truth though lorn and lonely,
Tender, as the brave are only;
Men who tread where saints have trod,
Men for Country—Home—and God:
Give us Men! I say again—again—
Give us such men!

—*Bishop of Exeter.*

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"Through the pass of By-and-by you go to the valley of Never."

Men Wanted.

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoil of office can not buy;
Men who have honor, men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking!
Tall men, sun crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking:
For when the rabble, with their thumbworn creeds—
Their large professions and their title deeds—
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

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Trouble.

Do you know what it was that caused you to fret,
Only a year ago?
Can you tell me the source of your utmost regret,
Only a year ago?
It looked big to you then and you moped and you pined,
The long nights were sleepless and troubled your mind,
Yet you can't tell what happened, in looking behind,
Only a year ago?

Do you know why you frowned as you journeyed your way,
Only a month ago?
Can you tell now what made all your blue skies look gray?
Only a month ago?
What trouble was it that your happiness marred,
That caused you to say that your heart had grown hard,
And from all future joys in this world you were barred,
Only a month ago?

You've forgotten them all, both the great and the small,
The pain and the woe;
For few are the troubles we ever recall
As onward we go.
Ah, few are the troubles, my brother, that last,
They seem big at first, but the moment they're past,
They slip from the mind, for they never stick fast.
It is well that it's so.

—Detroit Free Press.

The Four Guests.

A knock at the door—but he
  Was dreaming a dream of fame;
And the one who knocked drew softly back,
  And never again he came.
A knock at the door—as soft—
  As soft—as shy—as a dove.
But the dreamer dreamed till the guest was gone—
  And the guest was Love.

A knock at the door—again
  The dreamer dreamed away
Unheeding—deaf to the gentle call
  Of the one who came that day.
A knock at the door—no more
  The guest to that door came.
Yet the dreamer dreamed of the one who called—
  For the guest was Fame.

A knock at the door—but still
  He gave it no reply;
And the waiting guest gave a cheery hail
  Ere he slowly wandered by.
A knock at the door—in dreams
  The dreamer fain would grope,
Till the guest stole on, with a humbled sigh—
  And the guest was Hope.

A knock at the door—'twas loud,
  With might in every stroke;
And the dreamer stopped in his dreaming thought,
  And suddenly awoke.
A knock at the door—he ran
  With the swiftness of a breath;
And the door swung wide, and the guest came in—
  And the guest was Death.

—*Baltimore American.*

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O, little afterthought, I wish
  You had not come to me.
For with myself I otherwise
  Quite satisfied should be.
You're excellent, but I deplore
That you should not have come before.

Why is it that you are not prompt,
But saunter in instead
When all the things I've done are done,
And all I've said is said?
Of nuisances you are the worst;
Don't come, unless you come at first!

—Life.

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My Garden.

"Weeds, Lord—a tangled brake!
Thy plowshare must run deep,
And cut and scar the garden of my heart."

"Nay, child; let love's seed wake,
With life resistless leap,
Fling branches wide
On every side—
The weeds shall choke and die, the new life start."

—Luther Davis.

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The Better Prayer.

I thank Thee, Lord, for strength of arm
To win my bread,
And that beyond my need is meat
For friend unfed.
I thank thee much for bread to live,
I thank thee more for bread to give.

I thank thee, Lord, for snug-thatched roof
In cold and storm,
And that beyond my need is room
For friend forlorn.
I thank thee much for place to rest,
But more for shelter for my guest.

I thank thee, Lord, for lavish love
On me bestowed,
Enough to share with loveless folk
To ease their load.
Thy love to me I ill could spare,
Yet dearer is the love I share.

—Robert Davis, in The Outlook.

I Wonder.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
'Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer!
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground,
And we dreamed not of a rarer!
Ah! never on earth shall we find the best!
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
'Till we pass the portal of shining gold.

—*Anonymous.*

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My Sweethearts Three.

I have read of men who were sorely vexed,
Their spirits troubled, their souls perplexed,
For to too many lovers they were annexed
And this gave them a deal of trouble.

Again, some men, not a few, I have known,
Who pined and fretted with sigh and groan
Because, because they were alone,
And had no sweet feminine double.

The latter I pity, at the former I smile,
For, while they are moaning, I dull time beguile,
Jogging along through life, mile after mile,
Happy, bound with a triple tether.

One is a jolly, a winsome sprite,
One a darling, and unsurpassed quite,
The third is a jewel, the brightest bright.
We're a happy quartet together.

Never an accent of jealous strife
Nor clashing preferment disturbs our life,
For these are my daughters and dear, good wife,
My unanimous sweethearts three.

—*James Boardman Cable, in New Orleans Picayune.*

Intercession.

Oh, for a passionate passion for souls!
Oh, for a pity that yearns!
Oh, for a love that loves unto death!
Oh, for a fire that burns!
Oh, for the pure prayer power that prevails,
That pours itself out for the lost;
Victorious prayer in the Conqueror's name,
Oh, for a Pentecost!

Infinite Savior, in mighty compassion
Take Thy poor child to-night;
That which she hath not in tenderness give her,
Teach her to pray and to right.
Cost what it may of self-crucifixion
So that Thy will be done;
Cost what it may of loneliness after
So only souls be won!

Jesus, my Savior, beyond telling rare
The jewel I ask of Thee,
So much it meaneth, this talisman, prayer—
Wilt thou not give it to me?

Thou art speaking now.—Dost Thou give to me
A choice, as in olden time?
Dear Lord, wilt Thou put the end of the rope
That pulleth God's prayer-bell chime
Into my hand, with Thine enfolding,
That nothing may be of me?
When it soundeth above, our Father will know
It is rung, O Beloved, by Thee.

—*Selected.*

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Optimism.

There's a bad side, 'tis the sad side
Never mind it!
There's a bright side, 'tis the right side—
Try to find it!
Pessimism's but a screen
Thrust the light and you between—
But the sun shines bright, I ween,
Just behind it!

—*Jean Dwight Franklin, in The Circle.*

What You Can Do.

Have you ever had your path suddenly turn sunshiny because of a cheerful word? Have you ever wondered if this could be the same world, because some one had been unexpectedly kind to you? You can make to-day the same for somebody. It is only a question of a little imagination, a little time and trouble. Think now: What can I do to make some one happy—old persons, children, servants—even a bone for the dog or sugar for the bird!—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

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My Burden.

God laid upon my back a grievous load,
A heavy cross to bear along the road.

I staggered on, and lo! one weary day,
An angry lion sprang across my way.

I prayed to God, and swift at His command
The cross became a weapon in my hand.

It slew my raging enemy, and then
Became a cross upon my back again.

I faltered many a league, until at length,
Groaning, I fell, and had no further strength.

O God," I cried, "I am so weak and lame!"
Then straight my cross a wingéd staff became.

It swept me on till I regained the loss,
Then leaped upon my back, again a cross.

I reached a desert. O'er the burning track
I persevered, the cross upon my back.

No shade was there, and in the cruel sun
I sank at last, and thought my days were done.

But lo! the Lord works many a blest surprise—
The cross became a tree before my eyes!

I slept; I woke, to feel the strength of ten.
I found the cross upon my back again.

And thus through all my days, from that to this,
The cross, my burden, has become my bliss;

Nor ever shall I lay the burden down,
For God some day will make the cross a crown!

—*Amos R. Wells.*

Mary Had a Little Lamb.

"Mary had a little lamb!"
The poet read the verse,
And then he made a few remarks,
And each remark was terse.
"I guess she did," he muttered,
And his face grew wan and white,
"I ought to know, for it was I
Who took her out that night.
Yes, Mary had a little lamb,
She also had some chowdered clam;
Likewise mock-turtle consommé
And caviar from Russia way;
And then some roe, and then some shad
Were other things that Mary had.
She used to be my heart's delight,
But heavens, what an appetite!
Before she finished I was stuck
Two dollars for a ruddy duck;
And—possibly you think I joke,
She also ordered artichoke;
And, then, before the lamb came in,
Some a la Newberg terrapin;
For salad, alligator pear,
And then imported Camembert;
Some peaches and some strawberries.
I think that I forgot the peas,
And lima beans, and spinach green,
And stuffed red peppers in between;
The juice of grape fruit in a glass,
Then eclairs and a demitasse,
And salted almonds by the peck—
That's what she had—I got the check.
I'm living now on bread and jam
Since Mary had that little lamb."

◈ ◈ ◈

Mary had a little waist,
Where waists were meant to grow,
But everywhere the fashions went,
That waist was sure to go.

◈ ◈ ◈

Little drops of whisky, little drops of gin,
Make the drinker frisky, and the copper runs him in.

Picture Puzzles.

Seated one day at a table,
I was having forty fits,
As my fingers hovered nervously
Over those jig-sawed bits.

I know not what I was hunting
To finish a soldier's face;
But I struck one queer-shaped fragment
That fitted that queer-shaped space.

It linked all those silly features
Into one solid man;
And as I had finished his shoulder,
I began to see the plan.

It helped with the background also,
A sort of guide it made;
But I moved some other pieces,
And somehow it got mislaid!

I sought, but I sought it vainly,
That one small piece so queer,
That out of a hundred others
Fitted that soldier's ear.

I couldn't go on without it,
I fretted and fumed and fussed;
Then—somebody joggled my elbow!
And I gave up in disgust.

It may be that some time or other
I will try that thing again;
But not till I'm in an asylum—
And I doubt if I do it then.

—*Life.*

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Expected Guests.

A crowd of troubles passed him by,
As he with courage waited;
He said: "Where do your troubles fly
When you are thus belated?"
"We go," they said, "to those who mope,
Who look on life dejected;
Who weakly say good-bye to hope.
We go where we're expected!"

—*Frances Elkin Allison.*

Be Pleasant.

[Lines pasted over a busy man's desk.]

'Tis easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows by like a song.
But the man worth while
Is the man with a smile
When everything goes dead wrong.

We call him brave who fronts with courage high
The lion in his way,
But he is also brave who patiently bears
Little trials such as you and I
Meet every day.

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There are meters of accent and meters of tone,
But the best of all meters, is to meet her alone.

There are letters of paper and letters in stone,
But the best of all letters is to let her alone.

◈ ◈ ◈

There is a man who never drinks,
Or smokes, or chews, or swears,
Who never gambles, never flirts,
And shuns all sinful snares—
He's paralyzed!

There is a man who never does
A thing that is not right;
His wife can tell just where he is,
At morning, noon and night—
He's dead!

◈ ◈ ◈

A Dutchman addressing his dog, said: "You vas only a dog, but I wish I vas you; when you go mit your bed in, you shust turn round dree dimes and lay down; ven I go mit the bed in, I hav to lock up de blace yet, and wind up the clock and put the cat out, and ondress myself yet and my frou vakes up and cries and I half to valk him mid de house round yet, den may be, ven I get myself to bed, it is time to get up again. Ven you get up, you shust stretch yourself, scratch your neck a leedle and you vas up. I haf to light de fire, put on de kiddle, scrap some mit my vife already and get myself breakfast yet. You play around all day and haf plenty of fun. I haf to work all day and have plenty of drubble. Ven you die you ves dead; ven I die maybe I have to go to hell yet."

"What Matters It."

What matters it who wins the fight,
You or I or another one?
We claimed to struggle for the right,
Why change when the prize is won?

What matters if men laud your name,
If bartered honor was the price
You paid for power, or fleeting fame?
Better to never rise.

What matter if churlish jealousy
Stabs, as it alone knows how?
It wounds its victims in the back,
But can not brand the brow.

What matter if the critic's steel
Is felt, if God has called your name?
Why crush the energy you feel
For work that's thine in fear of blame?

What matter if some trait of thine
Leads even friends to judge thee wrong?
Be thy true self, do not repine,
For ever sing the victor's song.

—By a Sister of the Humility of Mary.

◈ ◈ ◈

To-Day.

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun;
The past has shrived and buried deep
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Nor seek to summon back one ghost
Of that innumerable host.
Concern yourself with but to-day,
Woo it, and teach it to obey

Your will and wish. Since time began
To-day has been the friend of man;
But in his blindness and his sorrow,
He looks to yesterday and to-morrow.

You and to-day! a soul sublime
And the great, pregnant hour of time,
With God himself to bind the twain,
Go forth, I say, attain, attain.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

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My Brother.

Who is thy brother?
Is it the toiler who suffers and groans,
Who reared by his sweat all temples and thrones?
Is it the pauper who begs for his bread?
Is it the murderer shrinking in dread?
Is it the convict alone in his cell?
Is it the drunkard, whose home is a hell?
Yea! each is thy brother.

Who is thy brother?
The lowest that lives; the dregs of the street,
Those whom the great trample under their feet,
Those who sin, suffer, get hungry, and die,
Those who in prison and pesthouses lie,
The rich and the poor, the cruel and kind,
The wise one who sees the wretch who is blind—
All, all are thy brothers.

Who are thy brothers?
O world, can ye ask? O world, will ye see
That each human soul forever must be
A ray of the infinite, great Over-Soul,
That each is a part of the absolute whole?
O, when will ye learn that ye can not rise
While one fellow man in the mire still lies?
For all men are brothers.

◈ ◈ ◈

My Fault.

I dream'd I saw the Saviour climb
Up Calvary, up Calvary;
I sorrowed, oh, I sorrowed sore
To see the heavy cross He bore:
I cried, "Ah, Christ, and must it be?"
He sigh'd, "This cross was made by thee."

I dream'd I saw the Saviour scourged
Up Calvary, up Calvary;
I wept to see the drops of gore
Ooze from the cruel thorns He wore:
But, lo! His voice it called to me:
"The sharpest thorn was set by thee."

I dream'd I saw the Saviour slain
On Calvary, on Calvary;
When thro' His hands the hard nails tore,
My heart was pierced to the core:
But, hark! a whisper from the tree:
"The spikes are but the sins of thee."

—*S. M. B.*

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When Papa Holds My Hand.

I'm not a-scared o' horses ner street cars ner anyfing,
Ner automobiles ner th' cabs; an' once, away last spring,
A grea' big hook an' ladder fing went slapty-bangin' by
An' I was purtnear in th' way, an' didn't even cry;
'Cause when I'm down town I go 'round wif papa—un'erstand,
An' I'm not 'fraid o' nuffin' when my papa holds my hand.

W'y street cars couldn't hurt him, an' th' horses wouldn't dare;
An' if a automobile run agin 'im, he won't care!
He'll al'ys keep between me an' th' fings 'ith danger in—
I know so, 'cause he al'ys has, 'ist ev'ry place we been;
An' nen at night I laugh myself clear into Dreamyland
An' never care how dark it is, when papa holds my hand.

'S a funny fing—one night when I puttended I was 'sleep
An' papa's face was on my hand, I felt a somepin creep
Across my fingers; an' it felt ezactly like a tear,
But couldn't been, for wasn't any cryin', t' I could hear.
An' when I asked him 'bout it he 'ist laughed to beat th' band—
But I kep' wonderin' what it was 'at creeped out on my hand.

Sometimes my papa holds on like I maybe helped him, too,
An' makes me feel most awful good puttendin' like I do.
An' papa says—w'y papa says—w'y somepin like 'at we
An' God 'ist keep a holdin' hands, the same as him an' me.
He says some uvver fings 'at I 'ist partly un'erstand,
But I know this—I'm not afraid when papa holds my hand.

—*Strickland W. Gillilan.*

The One Great Remedy.

If I am asked what is the remedy for the deeper sorrows of the human heart—what a man should chiefly look to in his progress through life as the power that is to sustain him under trials and enable him manfully to confront his afflictions—I must point to something which, in a well-known hymn, is called "The Old, Old Story," told of an old, old book, and taught with an old, old teaching, which is the greatest and best gift ever given to mankind.—*W. E. Gladstone.*

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What I am to be I am now becoming.

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It takes two worlds to get things straight.

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Our lives are songs, God writes the words,
We set them to music at pleasure;
And the song grows glad or sweet or sad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

◈ ◈ ◈

All the worth of living
Is loving, hoping, giving.
Love survives the breath;
Hope grows strong in death;
Gifts thy God returns to thee
With increase—through eternity!
—*Mary Wheaton Lyon.*

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The first requisite in education shall be to the end that the individual shall earn his own living.—*Elbert Hubbard.*

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Lord, help me make this rule—
To think of life as school—
And try my best
To stand each test,
And do my work—
And nothing shirk. —*M. D. Babcock.*

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Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power.—*Tennyson.*

◈ ◈ ◈

The greatest luxury is that of doing good.

◈ ◈ ◈

A kind word often does more good than a large gift.

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